

BIG BANG SERENADE

CHARLES EUGENE ANDERSON



BIG BANG SERENADE

THE LARGE RADIO in the Quonset hut hummed as the corporal tried to find the songs of the big bands in Oahu. The hut was his parade ground and the typewriter was his rifle. Pearl Harbor had been seven years before and the Japanese had been defeated in the end with two atomic bombs.

His duties were finished, and it was time to write another story for *Astounding*. He was stuck and he hoped the music would free his mind. He wanted to write new laws for the robots in his stories, but he couldn't get past the first.

It read:

1. A human being may not injure a robot...

No luck with the story in his typewriter, and only static came from the radio.

The voice of his staff sergeant came from behind him, "Corporal, the radio hasn't been working all day."

When the corporal turned his head to see the other man, he removed his glasses and blinked. The sergeant's statement reminded him why the radio emitted only static. The urgent needs of his editor

back home had made him forget to replace the parts of the radio he had taken for his own use.

"I will turn this off for you," said the staff sergeant walking over to the radio and turning its knob. The light slowly faded until it couldn't glow any longer. "If you weren't the best typist in the unit, you would have been shipped out with the rest of the squad."

The corporal still didn't say anything, but he hoped his sergeant would leave soon so he could get back to work. He needed to replace the old burned-out tubes, but he couldn't do it while the other man remained in the room.

"Corporal Asimov, ya know it might have been nice to go to Bikini Atoll to help out with the new tests," said the staff sergeant before he left the hut. "But it's nice to be here too."

Asimov realized he couldn't speak because he hadn't replaced the tubes. When he unbuttoned his shirt, he quickly replaced the old ones in his chest with the new ones to power his speech. Too bad the sergeant had already left because he had wanted to say goodnight to the human.

Asimov took the first draft out of the typewriter and threw it away. He put in a new sheet of typing paper so he could try again. His fingers found a new rhythm against the keys.

The second draft:

1. A robot may not injure a human being...

The government was testing hydrogen bombs, and Asimov realized his stories about robots, could save all the human beings from their own destruction.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Charles Eugene Anderson

Charles Eugene 'Chuck' Anderson is a poet, painter, baker, runner, hospital volunteer, and writer who lives in Colorado. He spends most of his days with his pup, Champ. Chuck is a husband and father, and he has a weakness for muscle cars.

Join His List

madcow.press
charleseugeneanderson@yahoo.com

